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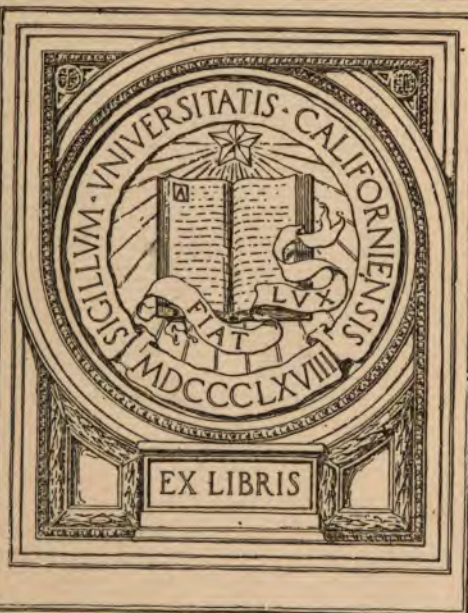


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Education, and not Instruction

By
Carliss
Fitz, Randolph

GIFT OF



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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P. 41

EDUCATION, AND NOT INSTRUCTION

**An Address Delivered at the Celebration of
the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the
Founding of Salem College, at
Salem, West Virginia,
June 12, 1913**

**By
CORLISS FITZ RANDOLPH**

**Press of the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.
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TO THE
ASSOCIATION

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Gift

Education, and Not Instruction.

By Corlies Fitz Randolph.

A THOUSAND years ago, there swept out of the chilling regions of the north, down along the coast of Scandinavia, across the waters of the German Ocean, from the land of the Vikings, a mighty fleet of upwards of 700 vessels and 40,000 fierce warriors. The flag-ship, named the Dragon, was fashioned from ancient oaks that had defied the icy blasts of the storm-swept mountains where they grew, into the form of a dragon. She flew a single cross-rigged sail of immense sweep and ornamented with broad stripes of brilliant blue, scarlet, and green and was equipped with half a hundred pairs of oars, some thirty feet in length, and manned by at least four stalwart seamen to each oar.

The huge dragon's head at the prow was covered with shining gold, and the stern, ending in a dragon's tail of corresponding proportions, was ornamented in a similar manner. The Dragon alone carried a crew, 700 strong. Each soldier bore a shield which reached from above the

head well down toward the knees, and protected all the vital parts of the body. With their shields, their owners had constructed a border all around the outside of their ship, by hanging them in a row at the top of the hull, so that they overlapped each other, alternating yellow and black, and presenting a highly picturesque appearance.

The other vessels of the fleet, though smaller, were similarly constructed and similarly equipped, and as their crews bent to their oars or set the bellying sails, they chanted their ancient *Sagas*, reciting victories of the past and the glories of other days; or they sang of the mighty Thor and the all-powerful god, Odin,—the long-bearded Thunderer, Father of Victory, God of Hosts, and Father of All. As the chorus of 40,000 lusty voices, commingled with the strains of a thousand harps, was caught on high by the swift winds that bore them on their martial way, they were all blended into one mighty, exultant pæan of confident victory in impending mortal conflict, such as to mock the merciless clamour of hungry ocean's roar in her most threatening mood.

On the foredeck of the imposing Dragon, stood the commander of the fleet, of giant stature and kingly mould. Across his massive forehead ran an ornamental gold band, set with gems as flashing and as priceless as ever graced the diadems of the far-famed rulers of Golconda. His long, yellow hair, fair as mellow sunshine, fell upon his broad shoulders, and his full beard, tawny as a lion's mane, dropped half way to his girdle. His face and hands were bronzed from long exposure to storm and wind. His eyes, a deep, dark blue, in whose depths lurked smouldering fires of passion, gave token of a determination and will that brooked no defeat; while through his veins coursed a torrent of such life-giving blood as irresistibly impels the victor of a thousand bloody battles to plunge into a final struggle of life and death.

He was clad in bright-blue knee-breeches, with gold-embroidered shoes, made from walrus-skin, that reached more than half way to his knees. The intervening space between the shoe-tops and knee-breeches was covered with heavy bands of richly coloured silk. About his body was a shirt-like garment of red silk,

with long sleeves, which fell below his girdle and effectually concealed the indispensable coat of mail. At his side hung a long broadsword of shining, highly-tempered steel, thickly encrusted with silver ornaments, but, notwithstanding, betokening many a deadly encounter. Over all, was thrown a heavy fur cape, lined with velvet of a royal purple hue, which reached to his shoe-tops, and was fastened at the throat with a richly engraved golden clasp; and at his feet lay a battle-axe of such size and weight as might well try the strength of the arm of Hercules himself.

Thus he stood, bareheaded, the wind playing with his hair, with his arms folded tightly across his chest, and buried in thought, contemplating, with a certain supreme satisfaction, his vast fleet of battle-ships, followed in their wake by several hundreds of transports, bearing supplies of food, tents, horses,—everything required to equip and sustain so mighty an army on land and sea for months. Not Solomon with all his train of oriental splendour; nor Alexander, conqueror of worlds; nor Julius Cæsar, builder of empires; nor Napoleon Buonaparte, who made a chess-

board of the continent of Europe and pawns of her crowned heads, ever saw such a martial display. Not all the galleys of Greece, nor all the ships that sailed the Spanish Main, nor yet the Invincible Armada, ever presented such a display of naval power, moving with so irresistible a sweep, and pregnant with as far-reaching possibilities.

This was Hrolf, or Rollo, the last of the Vikings, going forth, primarily to make war upon the ancient Gallic domains of imperial Cæsar, but in reality to set in motion forces that were to persist with an accelerating momentum for a thousand years, and bear manifold blessings to untold generations. As he stood in silent meditation, we may not know how far the Muse of History unrolled her tempting scroll to his impatient eyes, nor how far his prevision may have penetrated the misty prospect before him. To what extent his ambitions may have been luring him to world-conquest, it will probably never be given us to know.

The picture here sketched is realistic to the last detail. The Bayeaux Tap-

estry, the *Sagas*, and the ruins of the long, fleeting, dead past, with their runic inscriptions, and their mute, material evidences of the life and warfare of this people, bear ample testimony of that fact. But of the possible Napoleonic dreams of this heathen demigod as he fared forth to war, history is either strangely silent, or answers back in accents of hollow mockery. Yet, upon a shred of the tottering imperial realm which Charlemagne had erected from the dying embers of the Gallic Roman Empire, this pagan barbarian, of such giant physique that no horse could be found powerful enough to carry him, saturated with the spirit of the Norse theology of Thor and Odin, was to cause to rise yet another empire, dedicated to Christianity, in spirit as in letter, to law and order, as well as life, liberty; and the pursuit of happiness, and singularly free from avarice and dishonesty, whose national life was to endure throughout an entire millennial epoch and then enter upon another with a virility and spirit of perseverance such as to augur prosperity for its future.

He was projecting himself into western

European civilization about the beginning of the period known in the history of learning as the age of *Scholasticism*. A little more than a century before, Charlemagne had established monastic schools in France and made what was probably the first attempt in the history of the world to provide universal free primary education, and to establish free higher schools. This spirit the new ruler speedily caught, and transmitted to his successors. About a century and a half after Hrolf had established himself in that part of France that came to be known as Normandy, his grandson in the seventh generation of descent, William the Conqueror, accompanied by his immediate family, besides his uncles, cousins, and others of his numerous kindred, crossed the channel which divided Normandy from the southern part of England, crushed the English army under Harold, killed their leader at the Battle of Hastings, and reorganized the government of the newly conquered soil.

Scarcely was the celebrated Domesday Book engrossed, before schools and universities sprang up. The two great ancient universities of Cambridge and Oxford were

founded under Norman influence; and between the Conquest and the death of King John, there were established five hundred and fifty-seven schools in England. The spirit of education marked the Conqueror's family circle no less than the State. His son, Henry Beauclerc, was trained in the sciences; as were Henry II, and his three sons, of whom Richard, the eldest, was a poet.

Now awoke the genius of religious and political freedom. In the veins of Robert the Bruce, liberator of Scotland, ran the blood of this Viking king; and when the Puritan Reformation arose in England and the Pilgrims, after a career of varying fortune in a foreign land, finally found rest on the bleak shores of New England, there, too, was found the fruit of the loins of the regal Norseman; and when, after a hundred and fifty years more had passed away and Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill called for a military commander of heroic stature to lead the Colonial armies in their struggle for freedom from oppression, it was another descendant of the royal

giant of the north that heard the cry and rode away from his peaceful Virginian plantation to lead to victory a people who were to found another government, which in the short space of a century and a quarter, was to share with the proud Briton, her cousin of Norse ancestry, the boast that the sun never sets on her possessions, and to become the mighty empire of the west, to be reckoned with by the great powers of the world, and to be known and read of by all men, of all nations of the earth.

And, to carry the story to its final, logical issue, when the village of Salem was founded in the wilderness of the foot-hills of the Alleghany Mountains some hundred and twenty years ago, by a band of courageous spirits, who sought a new home in this strange, wild country, where they might enter upon the heritage bequeathed to them by Plymouth Rock and the Magna Charta of '76, that triumphal progress was led by another captain, the streams of whose life current had their source in the great heart-fount of the mighty son of Thor.

It has already been observed that no sooner had the sturdy Norseman established

his home in France and passed under Christian sway and embraced that faith, than he became a great humanizing force. Awakened from her apathy by his influence, Christianity became a vitalistic power of itself. He crystallized the nascent humanitarian spirit of France into the great University of Paris. He quickened and gave being to the movement which culminated in the English Renaissance, and made the Elizabethan period the pride and glory of English letters. He fostered organized law. He encouraged, and helped to make a living reality of civil and religious freedom throughout the entire English-speaking world, and placed the peoples using that language in a position where, today, they practically hold the balance of power among the nations of the earth. At the close of the recent war between Russia and Japan, it was not the belligerents who made the treaty of peace. The President of the United States of America brought the opposing powers together on the neutral footing of our hospitable shores, and the Prime Minister of England, tactful but unyielding, dictated the terms which ended that bloody struggle.

The beneficent force that has worked out so many other great deeds of service for modern civilization, has made, in this great beloved country of ours, the best system of free public education that the world has ever known. It was the same benign influence that inspired the American people with the exalted opinion of higher education that has characterized them from the very inception of William and Mary College to the present generation. And if we stop and consider that the Norseman was Germanic before he was Norse, we may readily perceive that the very dynamic spirit that inspired him to become the patron of education in France, Great Britain, the United States, Canada, and Australia, likewise moved others to place education upon the firm, scientific footing it holds throughout Germanic, or central, Europe today. Indeed, I may venture to remark in passing, that Frederick the Great, Bismarck the Iron Chancellor, and Field Marshal Von Moltke, all were but Vikings of the nineteenth century. When, a few years ago, on a dreary, stormy day in winter, in company with a fellow countryman of theirs on a railroad train, I

passed the snow-clad tomb and former home of Bismarck, the Sphinx of Europe, the man of whom it was said he could be silent in seven languages, I could but observe how fittingly both his former habitation and his last resting-place connoted the ancient fierce spirit of the North, so well exemplified in our Viking hero. Nor could I fail to observe the spirit of almost filial veneration and respect which my companion displayed as we swept by this cold and bleak German Valhalla.

Thus, the hand that a thousand years ago laid such a mighty grip upon west central Europe and inspired a nascent civilization to spring into a living power for uplift and culture, for progress and righteousness, is today erecting the humble chapel on the countryside and piling up massive masonry into lofty cathedrals in splendid cities; is dotting this fair country of ours with rural schools and small colleges as well as with great busy school-hives for the children of the populous commercial and manufacturing centres, and with the magnificent universities which grace American soil from Atlantic to Pacific shore; and from them all issues the same clarion voice that called the

fierce warriors of the North to conflict with the powers of darkness, still calling from the misty past upon all—men, women and children, everywhere—to the worship and adoration of their Maker, and all the children, youth, and young men and young women of the land to rally around the banner of enlightenment and avail themselves of opportunities for acquiring an education such as have never before been offered in the history of the world.

(But what is an education? Well may we ask this question; it has been asked for thousands of years, and curiously enough, the answer has always been the same.) True, in many, perhaps all, ages, there have been those who have fancied that they responded in other tones, and some have actually said other things. But did you ever stop to think that a given object appears different to different people; that much, and sometimes everything, depends upon the point of view? It makes all the difference imaginable whether one looks at the world from the depths of a narrow valley, or from the summit of a high mountain. The giant oak, which lifts its head in towering majesty when one stands in its im-

mediate presence, sinks into utter insignificance when seen in distant perspective. Even the course of a mighty river, with all its eddies and counter currents, might easily be misjudged by one beholding it for the first time.

The prophet, the real seer, whether it be in religion, education, or State, is he who, from the loftiest peak, surveys the prospect before him without aberration of sight—without the illusion of foreshortening or mirage. So, in this discussion, let us listen to the voices of men who stand upon the mountain tops of human history and attainment. Three centuries before the Christian Era began, (Plato said:

“A good education is that which gives to the body and soul all the perfection of which they are capable.”

One might fairly say that this declaration from the lips of a pagan sage really embodies the philosophy of Moses and the wisdom of Solomon—the magi of the ancient Hebrews. Two thousand years afterward, Milton, whose *Paradise Lost*, no less than his theological disputations, removes him wholly from the suspicion of undue pagan influence, in his memorable

letter to his friend Hartlieb on the subject of *Education*, amplified Plato's dictum into the following:

"I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

The modern definition that "education is fitting oneself to one's environment," while cryptic in its sound, and possibly in its intended meaning, is really Plato stated in fewer words, but without the directness and simplicity of the latter. Some modern writers distinguish carefully between *education* and *instruction*. According to these authorities, *education* is, in brief, essentially the result of all the conscious influences which impinge upon and shape personal character; and *instruction*, in similar general terms, is what we are wont to call "schooling." In other words, *education* is the residuum of all one's experiences of life, or in short, individual character; while *instruction* is what we have been accustomed to call education,— "book-learning," if you will pardon so homely a term.

Now, education, from the standpoint of

the practical educator, consists in the result of all the influences which he may be able to bring to bear to give his pupils as much as possible of the common stock of knowledge essential for intelligent and appreciative conduct of life. This includes, in the main, two important factors; namely, the curriculum and the personality of the instructor. Of course, the student's associations with his fellows is a third, not unimportant, consideration. With particular reference to this view of the question, education is classified as *physical*, *intellectual*, and *spiritual*; and again as *utilitarian* and *cultural*. The former of these two classifications is logical and scientific, while the latter is artificial and sophistical.

In our threefold classification of education, naturally the first consideration is *physical*. The body is the temple of our spirit, and the home of our intellect. Nay, more, it is the medium through which we are able to use our spirit and intellect as it was designed that they should be used; and upon the careful development of the body into symmetrical, physical manhood and womanhood, depends the fulfillment of

the hopes and obligations incurred by our spiritual and intellectual being—the moral and ethical manifestations of our existence.

Did it ever occur to you that, aside from the ten precepts of the Decalogue, essentially the entire Mosaic law pertained to the physical well-being of the Hebrews? Not only that, but therein may be found a code of sanitary regulations, which, if rigidly enforced today among the entire citizen body of the nation, would inure greatly the physical and social welfare of humanity, irrespective of race, colour, or creed of religious faith.

The Spartan code of training directed its entire aim toward physical development, and by the unrelenting enforcement of its rules produced results that have made the history of Lacedæmonia famous for all time. This code recognized a fundamental truth, in that if society wants to perpetuate the human species, it must insist upon the rigorous enforcement of certain sanitary canons for the care of the body. No nation of physical weaklings ever endures, or attains distinction. The recognition of this inexorable, basic mandate of nature by savage and barbaric peoples is

the real explanation of certain of their inhuman practices with reference to the exposure and destruction of weak children. It is but the practical application of the stern edict of the "survival of the fittest," or "natural selection," as modern scientists have pointed out, by means of which nature develops and perpetuates certain types of both animate and inanimate creation. It is of vastly more importance that a man shall have the necessary strength and endurance to use carpenter's tools, than that he should have the skill to use them. He may have the cunning and skill to fashion the rarest examples of his craft, but if he have not the strength to use the tools necessary to produce them, his skill is of no avail. Then, aside from the bald question of developing mere brute strength, there are certain principles of sanitation and health which need to be taught as of divine origin, since upon their intelligent observance depends the freedom of the race from the bondage of disease and premature decay. The widespread interest in what is now termed *eugenics*, augurs well for a sane, efficient physical discipline.

By *intellectual education*, we mean the development of our general intelligence:

This includes not simply the acquisition of that body of knowledge which the history of civilization has shown to constitute the essence of all that is rich and ennobling in human experience, but also the development of a discerning judgment by which to classify and interpret it. This body of knowledge, and its adequate interpretation and classification, constitute what is known as a liberal education, and is to be carefully differentiated from what is purely technical or professional. The liberal education is the great chief corner-stone of enlightened civilization. Plato, in his *Republic*, which was really the first scientific treatise on this subject, demanded little beyond what we should call secondary education. Of its higher form, he required a little of advanced mathematics (including astronomy), and philosophy. Of literature, as we know it, there was none. Of course, the poems of Homer were familiar to every one, just as certain traditions of the Jews are familiar to every Hebrew, and as the *Nibelungenlied* was familiar in every household in Germany in the Dark Ages. But at that time, Homer's poems were mere folklore, a national tradition, and

had not yet risen to the dignity of pure literature. But from these matchless Homeric legends; from the historical, philosophical discussions of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and their followers and successors; from the spirit of mountains and valleys, their purpling plains and chaste blue seas; from their wars, from victory, from defeat; from their sunny skies and the joyous life they led in the clear, pure, rarefied atmosphere of sunny Hellas, the Greeks created literature,—a great, peerless body of it,—into which they breathed their national life and spirit, and even the whole sum of human existence—that which, next after the Bible, is the best literature the world has ever known. It palpitates with their hearts' blood; it is exuberant with the joys of living; and reeks with the real experiences (even to their inmost thoughts) of actual, God-made men and women. It is the fountainhead,—the great source,—from which all modern literature has been drawn.

The Romans, who taught Greek literature in their schools, produced a literature of their own, fashioned after that of the Greek; they developed and organized jurisprudence and the science of government;

and, finally, before our very eyes, as it were, they unrolled a splendid panorama, picturing forth the actual production and development of a stately, sonorous tongue, whose acquisition is sought today by a greater aggregation of people than spoke it when, at the height of her Empire, Rome's mightiest legions thronged forth to universal victory. Milton, the blind bard of England's Commonwealth, whose poetical genius is to the English language what Vergil's was to the Latin, and Dante's to the Italian,—a classical scholar of marvelous attainment,—enunciated a *dictum* to the effect that Greek and Latin were the only languages of enlightenment, and urged that they be acquired not merely for the sake of the pure literature which they embodied, but that at least some of the technical and professional subjects, including agriculture and architecture, might be studied at their original sources.¹

1. It is interesting to note that Vitruvius is still regarded as an authority on architecture. The standard modern edition is that edited by Rose (Leipzig, 1889). The standard English translation is that edited by Gwilt (London, 1826; reprinted 1874). And since this address has been put into type, there has appeared an English translation of the agricultural treatises of Cato and Varro entitled, *Roman Farm Management, The Treatises of Cato and Varro Done Into English With Notes of Modern Instances*. By A Virginia Farmer (New York, 1913).

Perhaps in all the maddening vortex of our complex modern life, there is no greater feat of daily occurrence than that of editing successfully a great metropolitan daily newspaper. Here is gathered together, in the short space of a few hours, all the news of interest that has just transpired throughout the world. Swift express trains, ships of the air, ocean cables, the telephone carrying the sound of the human voice for a thousand miles, and wireless telegraphy—that greatest of all the great miracles of modern times—are laid under tribute to yield up their secrets from the closets of the uttermost hidden parts of the earth, to be proclaimed from the house-tops of all the broad highways of civilization. A vast army of tens of thousands of tireless workers keep up a steady flow of the never-ending streams of intelligence, with all their tremendous volume, through all these multifarious channels. The news ranges all the way from the petty theft of a cowardly, clumsy sneak-thief or pickpocket, to the loss of millions through the most daring and skillful machinations of the experienced embezzler; from petty graft in a country village to the widespread ramifica-

tions of the artful designs of the most cunning diplomatists and statesmen of the Great Powers plotting the dismemberment of a decaying empire; from the election of a justice of the peace at the mountain cross-roads of Tennessee to the coronation of a king, or the marriage of a princess of the realm; from a common street brawl to the bloody struggle of the battlefield where the fate of nations hangs in a balance; from a hod-carrier tumbling from a ladder under the weight of a load of bricks, with a broken leg, to the wreck of a floating ocean-palace at the cost of a thousand lives; from the childish games of a tiny kindergarten to the imposing commencement exercises of a great university; from the publication of a new spelling-book in Augusta, Maine, to the discovery, in the sands of Egypt, of ancient papyri containing the lost plays of Menander; from the tax-budget of a small suburban town to the finances of two worlds; from digging a ditch for a small water main in a side street of a mere rustic hamlet to the building of the Panama Canal. All these and ten thousand other happenings and transactions with a million details, all come pouring into

the office of an editor of such a newspaper, and he must pass judgment upon their relative importance and their availability for his use, oftentimes in the twinkling of an eye. Can you conceive of a more complex or a more difficult task? A careful student of modern life, writing a few years ago, said that if it were possible for us to send to another planet some one thing which would exemplify our civilization and present-day attainments, he would select either an encyclopædia or a great daily newspaper.

What sort of man, then, is required to produce such a newspaper? This country has produced many men who have attained distinction in that field of activity. But among them all, few, if any, attained greater renown than Charles A. Dana, for so many years the editor of the *New York Sun*. Whatever opinion one may entertain of Mr. Dana's personal views of matters politic, ethical, or otherwise, no one questions his ability as an editor. The purely intellectual quality of his pen has seldom been surpassed, and the sanity and accuracy of his news columns were all but perfect. Surely, if there has ever been an American newspaper man qualified to

judge the attributes of a great editor, Mr. Dana was such an authority. A very few years before his death, he was invited to deliver a series of lectures upon journalism before the students of Union College. In the course of one of these lectures, while discussing the qualifications that an editor should have, he said:

"I am myself a partisan of the strict old-fashioned classical education. The man who knows Greek and Latin, and *knows* it—I don't mean who has read six books of Vergil for a college examination, but the man who can pick up Vergil or Tacitus without going to the dictionary, and the man who can read the Iliad in Greek without boggling—and if he can read Aristotle and Plato, all the better—and is familiar with the English Bible, that man can be trusted to edit a newspaper."

Just what did Mr. Dana mean? Merely this: That the man who is thus familiar with this body of literature, small though it may appear, but which is the very essence of polite letters, has not only compassed the entire range of human experience, and become well versed in the laws of God and man, but in addition, has caught something of the spirit of intellectual and political freedom of the Greeks; something of the genius and loftiness of

their intellectual and spiritual attainment, and of their poetry and music and song, —in short, of the fine art of living; who has also caught something of the spirit of that national pride and patriotism which culminated in the Republic upon which Rome founded her great world-empire. Again, he has caught something of the spirit of simple faith in Jehovah and the mysticism which made the Children of Israel a chosen people, maintaining their identity thousands of years until they produced the Christ, and then, despite their rejection of the Messiah, remaining intact two thousand years longer, though wanderers upon the face of the earth; and who finally, through the King James interpretation of the records of this eastern mysticism, has caught something of the Norse spirit which has transmuted Christianity from a religion of empty form, into which it had degenerated, into a living, moving faith, which has rescued Christendom from the terrors of the Dark Ages, and founded empires, erected temples to the living God, placed the Bible in every home, established universal education for all

classes of the State, and made civil and religious liberty a living verity,—such a man might well be trusted to edit a newspaper.

Already I have essentially defined the third aspect of education, or *spiritual* development, along with the *intellectual*. And that was well-nigh inevitable, for while academically, general intelligence, or intellectuality, is distinguished from spirituality, practically and logically they are inseparable. For without spirituality, intellect becomes cold, and relentless, and merciless, devoid of the milk of human kindness, so wholly essential to human life. Without spirituality, intellect becomes a mere mechanism, an automaton, logical but lifeless. It is spirituality that enables a musician to transform mere atmospheric vibration into harmonies all but divine; it is spirituality that enables an artist to dip his brush first into this pot of clay and then into that and cause a human face to spring from a sheet of dull, gray canvas,—a form so real in appearance as almost to seem to throb with emotion; it is spirituality that makes all the world akin, which makes us, all, each our brother's keeper; that changes man from a mere calculating machine into

a creature made in the image of his Maker. Spirituality bears the same relation to intellect that the spark of protoplasm bears to the constituent chemical elements of a grain of wheat; together, they constitute a living organism, big with all the possibilities of the one mystery which has left baffled science in hopeless despair in all ages. Take the protoplasm away, and life vanishes beyond the ken of the most discerning chemist or astute philosopher, and leaves behind a mere speck of inanimate dust. When St. Paul said, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," he not only enunciated a great theological and religious truth, but laid down a fundamental law of science as well.

In the last analysis, spirituality is the very soul of all artistic and ethical and religious symbolism. The legend of the golden harp of Orpheus, whose music not only impelled all the wild beasts of the jungle to follow, harmless, in his train, but which thrilled the hearts of the tall trees of the forest so that they bent their listening heads, and made the cold, lifeless stones to leap from the ground for very joy, is but the poetical expression of a spiritual

quality too real and too universal in human experience ever to be gainsaid. From the faintest echoes of primordial life in the incipient dawn of creation, to the mightiest swell of the music of the spheres throughout all the transcendent symphony of eternity, music will ever touch, now in a sad, plaintive minor key, and now in exulting, triumphant strains, all of the chords of that lute hidden away in the spiritual fibre of our nature; and whether it draws angels down into the abysmal depths of black despair, or bears mortals up to the great white throne, will depend upon the skill of the hand that sweeps the lyre, and the *motif* of the strains awakened by the deftness with which it touches the strings.

Do you remember the ancient legend of the Lorelei sung by the poet Heine? The scene is laid at a well-known pass on the Rhine, where the river narrows between dangerous rocks, above which, on one side, arises a deep dark cavern, whence issue strange voices, or echoes. In the depths of this cavern was said to be the famed treasure of the Niebelungs; and, as the legend runs, in its mouth, sat a beautiful, sensuous maiden, who, by the music of her

harp, turned the heads of the fishermen as they passed by in their boats, and lured them to destruction on the black rocks beneath.

Contrast with that picture, another. In all modern art, there is no more inspiring picture than that of Watts' *Hope*, which hangs in the celebrated Tate Gallery in London. A figure of a woman symbolical of humanity is seated on the top of the world, with bowed head and a commingled expression of faith and expectation upon her face, peeping from beneath her bandaged eyes, with ears strained to catch the solitary note her hand can draw from the only remaining string of her broken lyre. A single star shines in the heavens. Amid conditions that might betoken only despair, a subtle divine effulgence of hope envelops all. So magnificent is the artist's conception of the picture, that no one, of whatever religious faith, or of no faith at all, can look upon it with a sympathetic eye without a thrill of exultation that testifies, in undeniable accents, to the spiritual nature of man.

With reference to the classification of education as *utilitarian* and *cultural*, it may

be said that in the broadest and truest sense, all education is utilitarian, in that it seeks to render service of some kind; and in a corresponding sense all education is cultural. If all education be not both cultural and utilitarian in this sense, it falls far short of its mission. However, what is, nowadays, spoken of so glibly as utilitarian education, is not education at all, in the best, or real, meaning of that term.

Utilitarian education, so-called, is merely another name for a certain highly specialized technical training, pursued from a purely mercenary point of view. It is the commercialization, the prostitution, of education; nay, even more, it is a mere travesty upon education. In other words it is a certain training, often little, if anything, else, than the mere acquisition of a trade, sought to be dignified by calling it education, a training so tangible and so practical as to be turned into a bank account on demand,—a serious, but ludicrous, attempt to reduce education to such terms that it can be sold by the yard or pound, so to speak.

After all, it is an old story, an ancient will o' the wisp, in a new aspect,—the ever-recurring attempt to transmute a baser

metal into a finer, to turn brass into gold—the empty, shimmering phantom that has eluded the overcredulous alchemist, the crazy fanatic, and the cunning charlatan, in all ages, a tragic-comedy and a comic-tragedy, that will persist until a golden millennium shall remove all ambition and avarice and want and vanity afar from mankind. This anomalous status of education is due to the fact that modern commercial and industrial conditions have conspired to precipitate a certain crisis that has forced hasty consideration; and our schools and institutions of learning, generally, flushed with the sparkling wine of an age which grovels before the shrine of material wealth, have all—from the kindergarten to the university—gone on a long debauch.

Let us pause for a moment, and consider. When this broad, fair land was first settled by white men, its natural resources were boundless. The virgin forests, the natural fertility of the soil, and the vast mineral deposits of ready access, were all apparently inexhaustible. All that any one had to do to become possessed of any or all these riches was to reach forth his hand and take them. But as time pass-

ed, and civilization spread, and the population increased, these capacious storehouses, slowly at first, and then more rapidly, were exhausted. The soil was drained of its natural fertility, and the settler pushed his home further and further away from the eastern seaboard, until once more, as crops grew light and game scant, he again set the sails of his prairie schooner, and pointed westward, until finally he could go no further, and civilization was everywhere. Virgin soil and untrod forests were no more. Timber, and coal, and iron, and all else that so short a time before had been as free as the wind that blows, had passed under the lock and key of vast commercial interests. Meanwhile, possibilities of fortunes such as the keepers of the fabled treasure houses of olden times never dreamed of, tempted numberless men to daring conquests of trade and industrial activity—conquests in which the merchant of modest means and the individual manufacturer were mercilessly coerced into yielding up their individuality and their independence, and oftentimes all their material resources, to satisfy the money barons' fierce brute thirst for conquest.

The introduction of improved machinery which could be manipulated by inexperienced help, drove skilled mechanics from the factory and workshop in throngs, until, after a few years, the manufacturers themselves were appalled at the profound dearth of capable, intelligent help. They had unwittingly laid the ax at the root of their own fortunes. For, after all, there must be practical mechanics to organize, install, and keep in repair and improve these high-bred automata of shining steel. The former generation had vanished and left no successors. The time-honoured apprentice system had shrunk away before the advance of new methods. The old-time carpenter and cabinet-maker, and mason—mechanics capable of producing almost anything that could be fashioned from wood and stone, had disappeared. So swift and sudden had been this metamorphosis, that industrial life awoke with a common start to a sense of the common peril.

Nor was the manufacturer alone in his woe. The agriculturist, caught between the Scylla of unproductive farms, and the Charybdis of debt and increased cost of living, was at his wits' end to repair his

broken fortunes. Hundreds of thousands of small tradesmen and mechanics, discouraged and disheartened,—the former cunning of their hands either forgotten, or at best an iridescent dream of a departed past,—sought, for the mere physical necessities of themselves and families, relief from the tyrannous oppression of existing economic evils. What was to be done? Commerce must not stop, the food supply must be conserved, and the common people must be made self-supporting.

While these changes had been taking place, the school, college, and university had become infected with the poison of inordinate thirst for money. Men whose passion in life had been to accumulate money merely for the sake of doing so, satiated and *blasés* from the long indulgence of their appetites, in their search for something new to stimulate their jaded senses, now began to pour their wealth forth, with amazing prodigality, into the laps of educational institutions. Proprietary colleges and universities sprang up over night. Established domiciles of education were transformed in a single day. Millions upon millions of dollars were

poured forth in this unparalleled way, until, after the passing of two decades, the gift of a score of millions by some great capitalist to found a university, or to increase the resources of one already established, excites scarcely as much public interest as the gift of that many thousands excited forty years ago.

Now the use of money, even on so vast a scale, for educational purposes, is a laudable one, when considered as a gift merely. But the spirit of the age is such that it is very difficult to dissociate the money from its giver, and, in many instances, the only too obvious reason for the gift. Time may correct all this, and burn away the dross that debases it now. But we are compelled to face the living present, and reluctantly forced to admit that education, which, in the very highest and best sense, should be altruistic in spirit, has shown too obvious a tendency to be the exact reverse.

As a result, partly in the hope of abstracting more money into their treasuries from the fortunes of wealthy men, and partly for the purpose of self-exploitation, colleges and universities at once rushed into this industrial breach, promising all

sorts of things,—that the curriculum should be so modified as to include every phase of agriculture, however trivial or minute in detail; that trade schools should meet the demand for an adequate supply of skilled mechanics; that economic conditions should be so carefully inquired into, and the necessary antidotes for their many ills so carefully and thoroughly administered, that everybody would promptly become self-supporting; and finally, that the educative process should become so well “standardized” as to give, in exact mathematical terms, the precise commercial value of any academic instructor. So that today certain of our great universities bear a striking resemblance to a mediæval castle; or, possibly more accurately, to a large southern plantation of *ante bellum* days, organized on a feudal plan. Here was the proprietor, himself a man of liberal education and culture, possibly, but with a discerning eye for his own commercial prosperity, providing his sons with advantages for education and culture. About him were a certain few slaves of intelligence, certainly of no education, but skilled mechanics or workmen, withal, each capable of undertaking the management of

such department of the plantation as was entrusted to him, with a horde of underlings merely to do his bidding, who, if not utterly incapable of attaining to any higher grade of intelligence, were certainly content with the simpler and more elementary manner of life.

So today, in the great universities of the country, is to be found first of all, a president, possibly with a real education, but chosen for this position, rather because of certain qualifications he possesses for increasing the material equipment of his respective institution, than for any marked ability to develop manhood and womanhood in students. In the student body is a small group of workers dedicated to the loftier aims of life—who seek adequate equipment for rendering real service to mankind and civilization by grounding themselves in the humanities—seeking to learn what life is and what it really means; and who are striving to catch something of the highest attainment the world has afforded the human race, that they may interpret it to their fellows in turn. These are the people who are scaling the summits of lofty mountains,

whence the prospects of life may be seen in true perspective, devoid of inequalities of vision, to the end that whatever professional or other career they may ultimately select, they will contribute not merely to the material wealth of the world, but rather something to that intangible, but very real, quality of life, which for thousands of years, has steadily striven to lift men away from the darkness and doubt of materialism to the perfect dawn of exalted ideals and aims.

Then follow a larger group, rooted by nature and environment in materialistic philosophy—brilliant, perhaps, but ambitious—and dedicated to the one proposition that the world owes them the largest portion of material wealth which they can extract, by hook or crook, from its well-filled storehouses. These are the men, who in law, medicine, and the ministry, bring their professions into disrepute, by their constant quest of self-aggrandizement; and who in the technical professions and in commercial life lay the foundations for the huge scandals that cast so foul a blot on modern business.

And, finally, there is found a class in great numbers who seek some royal road to industrial success, in a mistaken effort to acquire an education by merely learning a trade in one of the many industrial departments to be found in the back-yards of some of our modern universities, ranging all the way from blacksmithing and cabinet-making for the men, and dishwashing and laundry-work for the women, to routine pharmacists and half-baked public school teachers, or other weaklings, of both sexes. The unsophisticated farmer's boy is shown how to plant potatoes without regard to the phases of the moon, and how to feed calves scientifically; his sister is shown a better way to raise chickens, and beans, and radishes, and both go home educated, as they suppose.

Now it is perfectly true that all this sort of instruction needs to be given. We need high-grade mechanics; the economy of the household needs to be regulated in a more rational manner; agriculture, in all its moods and tenses, needs to be placed upon a really scientific basis; and the entire industrial world needs reformation, so as to reduce waste, and drudgery, and poverty,

and crime, all, to the lowest possible terms. Honest labour should be dignified and exalted. But industrial training is not education; and it should not be placed in the false position of being so-called; for such a course only cheapens both, and defeats, ultimately, the laudable and desirable purposes of both, respectively. In the same category, but in a higher scale, may be placed training which is purely professional, such as teaching, law, medicine, or even the ministry. These subjects, pursued on professional grounds alone, are utilitarian and nothing less. They demand, first of all, the broad, deep foundation of a liberal education and of a humanitarian culture, to enable them to dedicate men and women and their professions to the uplift of mankind.

That this too patent perversion of education to the commercial and utilitarian spirit of the age can but profoundly affect society, is, alas, not only truth, but fact. Its blight is already upon the finest flower of our civilization. For nearly a generation, the church has deplored its slackening grip upon its own membership, no less than upon the world at large,—a

condition, due in no small measure to the fact that the ministry no longer attracts men of as high intellectual and moral grade as formerly—; and the general spirit of commercialism of the present age is threatening not only the church, but society itself. As wealth and the lust of wealth have brought luxury and idleness in their train, the integrity of the home—the bulwark of society for ages—is menaced, and menaced to the extent that some of our thoughtful observers of modern life are seriously questioning if the home can long endure under existing conditions. They are reluctant to make public admission of this fact; but that they entertain such views is nevertheless true, and there is real cause for alarm.

Without presuming to prophesy what the immediate outcome of the present struggle will be, we are compelled to admit that signs are not wanting that a period of decadence is setting in; nay, has set in,—a decadence such as preceded and ended in the downfall of the Roman Empire and western civilization, and plunged the world into the Dark Ages for a thousand years. Then, as now, great material pros-

perity brought luxurious idleness and vice to sap the life of the nation. Then, as now, education was subverted to the unworthy ambition of unscrupulous rulers of state and wealth. After several centuries, the chaotic industrial conditions precipitated by Roman excesses were eventually corrected through certain influences, among which was the rise of the trade guilds, which in their essence, closely resembled industrial education, so-called, today. Possibly the ultimate solution of our own problem will be through some such agency, stripped of the defects of its prototype. The most promising tendency in that direction today, however, is the silent, but phenomenally rapid growth of corporation schools, like those of certain of the great railroad systems of this country, and of the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburgh, for example, which seek to provide, in a very practical and pointed manner, for the specific needs of these respective industries. The universities and industrial training schools, *per se*, are unable to meet such competition, and will be obliged to recast their plans for service and growth, again; so that in due course of time, we may con-

fidently expect a sloughing off to take place, and the hideous nightmare of the present to give way to the clearer light of sanity and reason. The new adjustment must be as slow as the present one has been swift and headlong. For the deadly poison has filled all the veins of society, even to its very extremities, and the elimination of the venom must necessarily be a prolonged, tedious process.

Of the ultimate outcome, there can be no doubt. One is forced to credit human history. That moves in certain cycles, in harmony with established law. An era of advancement is followed by a corresponding period of retrogression. The upward march of civilization may be likened to the progress of a tiny ant along the closely wound coils of rope about a gigantic, inclined spar, where one half of every turn of the rope points downward, and the other half points upward, but a given segment of each turn reaches a little higher up than the corresponding segment of the coil next below. Moreover, the change from the upward to the downward, or from the downward to the upward bent, may be so slight as to be imperceptible to

the minute traveler, who finds that it is only by looking back upon what to him is a considerable distance that he has covered, that he can be sure of his ascent or descent, and from a far prospect only can he see that, even in his descent, he has made progress over the preceding cycle.

So with humanity, every great epoch of progress in its history has been both preceded and followed by a corresponding decline,—long imperceptible perhaps, but none the less true. Such convolutions have marked the ascent of man ever since the dawn of history, and in the light of that fact, well may we expect them to continue to the end of time.

Along with the acquisition of knowledge comes a conscious growth of national power, or sovereignty, which, to mankind, is at first a tonic, then a stimulant, and, finally, a deadly narcotic, stealing away the sobriety and poise of nations no less than of individuals; and, by imperceptible degrees, lulling its victims into a delicious, sensuous, poisonous slumber, so deep and so prolonged that nothing short of the crash of long-impending doom can rouse them.

The far-famed Alexandrian Empire that stretched from the queenly Adriatic to the distant jungles on the farther banks of the Indus, and from the mountain fastnesses of Macedonia and Thrace to the burning sands beyond the Edenic valley of the Nile, had crumbled into dissolving dust and the name of its conquering hero become a mere memory before the dawn of the Christian Era; mighty Rome, no less than her purpled Caesars, sank into lethal oblivion, and carried with her, into utter destruction, a civilization of a thousand years; and, upon the ashes of that millennium, we have builded another civilization, of a greater and more magnificent grandeur. But well may we pause, and, after a long silent retrospect, solemnly question whether the glory of our pride, too, is not to be swallowed up in a mighty cataclysm. Surely we can do no less than patiently to study these restless forebodings that so patently characterize society today, and strive with all the power of our being to apply the corrective influences required to overcome the decadent tendencies of this generation.

That there is a rising feeling of alarm over our present conditions is a most hope-

ful sign. From the very inception of the commercialism of education, and church, and society at large, there have been those who have viewed this movement with manifest apprehension. This class of thoughtful observers, though small even yet, has gradually grown in numbers, until today it finds within its ranks not only educators, but lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and even cold-blooded men in commercial and industrial life. In Germany, for example, a country whose social and political fabric is grounded upon a materialistic philosophy, that dictates utilitarian training for the masses, and reserves education and culture, in the real sense, for the aristocracy, this alarm has been manifest for some years, and even among her so-called hardheaded business men. The unsuccessful assault upon the humanities in Oxford University, England's most ancient stronghold of learning, is cause for hearty congratulation. In our own country, the best known incident indicating a possible reaction, and an ultimate return to the humanities, is that of a movement of the alumni of Amherst College, which is resulting in a radical change in the curriculum of that

well-known institution. While this action leaves much to be desired, it is a happy augury of the future. Among the larger colleges and universities, however, there is no apparent sense of danger yet.

But, after all, it is the small college to which we must turn as the bulwark of our strength against the pseudo-rationalism which has invaded modern society. The large college and the university, almost, if not quite, without exception, have become so entangled in the meshes of this false philosophy that they will require a prolonged struggle to shake themselves free from its blighting influence. Nor can help be expected from the free public schools and the state universities, because they are too subservient to the demands of the materialistic calls of the unthinking proletariat to permit the heads of such institutions to follow the courageous dictates of their own consciences.

But the small college,—one that is really free and independent, as well as small, one which has not entangled itself in unholy alliances to obtain endowment and equipment, one which has not sought to attract patronage by questionable means for un-

worthy ends,—is, what any college or university irrespective of whether it be large or small ought to be,—free and independent. For that reason, the very fact that it is small, is, in the present exigency, at least, an inherent advantage. Its struggle for existence and growth carries with it a very real appreciation of the service it renders both the community which patronizes it, and the procession of earnest, serious-minded young men and young women that files through its halls.

Nor should the small college minimize its faith in its own influence. Oftentimes it is even the single individual who inspires the world, and fixes the destiny of mankind. Pass by, if you please, the mighty Viking warrior who has so profoundly influenced the millennium just closing, and look back almost to the beginning of the preceding millennial period, and behold another man, faring up and down the hills and vales of a small Roman province on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. He is the most perfect example, in all the history of the world, of that education I plead for. His training was symmetrical in all its parts—physical, intel-

lectual, and spiritual. At the age of twelve years, his intellectual grasp of all that was difficult and recondite in the teachings of the sages of his people, and his keen spiritual insight into, and his broad and deep sympathy with, social conditions, enabled him to interpret his knowledge of human nature and human society in such a manner as to confound the most learned doctors of the law; and when subsequently at the age of thirty years, he set out upon his life-work of service to humanity, so mature was his equipment, so well grounded was his faith in the duty whereunto he was called, and so profoundly was he dedicated to this mission in every fibre of all his being, that, in the short space of three years, he created a revolution which has persisted through all the shifting changes of nineteen centuries of world-wide history, a revolution whose genius has ever been the hope and comfort and cheer of mankind, and made Christianity a dynamic force throughout the earth.

For a quarter century, Salem College has stood with outstretched hands, beckoning the young men and young women of this republic of mountaineers to come and

drink from the cup of wisdom, and waiting throngs have hearkened to that call. She has been loyal to the faith she has professed. Her devoted perceptors, themselves, first drank deeply from the cup which they, afterward, have held to the lips of their disciples. Beneath its golden brim is inscribed a legend which betokens its draughts. Pause and read:

"And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all."

But her work is not done; her fight is not finished; her course is only just begun; she is anointed with the oil of sacrifice, and consecrated to the destiny ordained by her founders. Today, still in the first flush of the glory of her youth, this college stands at the threshold of a magnificent opportunity. Reared upon soil that has been stained by the bloody footprints of devoted service to humanity—a trail of footprints that extends, for a thousand years, all the way from the embarkation of Hrolf, the majestic Norseman, upon his voyage of adventure, to this spot, whither his lineal descendant, of kingly physique and fiery zeal, led a company, more than six score years ago, to establish new homes for themselves amid

the freedom of the wilderness—a wilderness speedily transformed into comfortable, hospitable homes dedicated to the faith and mission of Palestine's Nazarene, and where, but a generation ago, another son of the warrior from the German Sea, his life also dedicated to the uplift of humanity, performed the greatest service ever yet rendered by any one man in all that part of the state which constitutes the geographical setting of this temple of learning; reared upon such soil, I repeat, amid the scenes of achievements which bear witness to the nobility of character that distinguishes the people who first made this institution possible and then tenderly nursed it through all the anxious, precarious years of its early existence, growing slowly, but surely, into such sturdiness of stature and character as to inspire generations yet unborn with lofty zeal and purpose.

Salem is face to face with a tremendous responsibility,—a responsibility she can not escape if she would, nor would she if she could. A flood of golden opportunities is rising at her portals in portentous volume—opportuni-

ties which she can not afford to ignore or lose. Upon the bosom of this flood is borne her destiny. If in its physical, intellectual, and spiritual fibre, the fabric of her walls is strong enough to withstand the mighty pressure to which they are subjected; if the material of which they are constructed is drawn from the storehouse of enduring ages; if the walls are rooted deep down upon the solid rock of unselfish devotion to the eternal verities of humanity; if thus imbedded, and then reared by hands kept clean from the grime of unworthy motive; then this college, strong in conscious rectitude of purpose, guided by a discerning judgment of the elemental qualities of life, no less than of the perfect, delicate flower of its highest culture and humanity, will be, through all the changing years, an impregnable fortress against the powers of ignorance and darkness and decay,—a beacon light to guide the footsteps of wayfaring humanity, and to impel to supreme effort, to noble purpose, and to lofty aims. So standing, she will become an enduring monument with a living voice, a law and an oracle to the throngs that hang upon her words, inspiring them

to zealous devotion, to high aspirations and determined endeavor; and the ever-widening circles of her influence, following swiftly, one upon another, ever increasing in volume and power, ultimately will extend to the confines of the world, and bring joy and hope and comfort and peace, with purity of life, strength of character, magnanimity of courage, and glorious achievement, to successive multitudes through coming centuries.

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